

THE QUIVER

Saturday, December 9, 1871.



"Allow me, Miss Grant"—p. 146.

HIS BY RIGHT.

BY ALTON CLYDE, AUTHOR OF "UNDER FOOT," "JOHN HESKETH'S CHARGE," ETC. ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—AN OPPORTUNITY.

IT was Cyril Chadburn who stood in the old gateway, which served as a frame for his tall figure and striking face. The ostensible purpose of his visit was business with Lewis Darley; his real motive, to secure, if possible, the opportunity for a tête-à-tête with Bessie Grant. But he had never calculated upon finding her alone. Anxious to make the most of the chance that fortune seemed to have thrown in his

way, he stepped forward in time to pick up a small brush which the fair artist had just dropped, this incident serving the double purpose of enabling him to play off a little gallantry, while it spared him some embarrassment in making his presence known. Before she could stoop to pick up the brush, it was handed to her with a bow and a smiling—"Allow me, Miss Grant."

He enjoyed her involuntary start of surprise when she turned and saw him; enjoyed, also, the pretty shy look of recognition that met him in the great dusky brown eyes, which he thought at that moment were the finest he had ever seen. He began a graceful apology for his intrusion, explaining that he wished to see Mr. Darley on business.

Bessie timidly replied that her uncle was out, but expected to return every minute. She did not think he would be later than half-past one, as he had promised to be back at that hour. This information was received with secret satisfaction, which Cyril could scarcely help betraying in his manner. He looked at his watch, exulting in the discovery that it was only just one o'clock. If the old man did not return until half-past, he had thirty golden minutes at his disposal, which only wanted a little tact and management for him to turn to good account with this fresh child of nature, who was beginning to interest and attract him to herself, independent of the heiress-ship which had made her a matrimonial prize more desirable to win than either of the Honourable Misses Appleby, with their aristocratic birth and high family connections. Cool, cautious Cyril, with his polished manners and elegant speech, had just the qualities required to make him master of the position, and the ability to render them available. Five minutes sufficed to make the young lady feel quite at ease with the visitor who had presented himself in such impromptu fashion. She forgot her shyness in the interest with which she listened while he talked, as Cyril Chadburn could talk when he cared to exert himself. He was elated at the favourable impression which he felt that he was producing upon the fair girl. Even if he did not succeed in seeing Lewis Darley, he would be satisfied with what he had gained that morning.

He had not over-estimated the advantage which he was making in Bessie's favour. To one like her, secluded from society, with so few opportunities for comparing character, the courteous, high-bred Cyril could not fail to be invested with certain powers of attraction. Everything he said was so exquisitely adapted to the refined sensitiveness of his listener, that Bessie scarcely realised the gentleman was paying her compliments, even though his whole bearing was breathing that quiet homage which is of the subtler kind, like the fine under-current of flattery which his words so delicately disguised.

He had not failed to notice the rose in her hair, and knew that it was one that had been sent from

Chadburn Court (for previous to leaving England he had himself chosen several of the flowers, and that was one of them. He had selected it for its exquisite beauty, both as to form and colour), and his mental comment was, "That is a good omen—it could not have a fitter place."

Bessie caught the direction of his glance, and her face flushed painfully, for she had noticed the strange gratified expression that passed over his face, and an indefinable feeling crept over her as she listened to the well-modulated voice. Cyril had noticed her confusion, and with his usual tact endeavoured to put her at ease, which he ultimately succeeded in doing, though occasionally he would bring back the colour by a word or look.

In the course of conversation her picture was discussed and criticised by Cyril, with that mixture of nicely-qualified praise which is sure to be most acceptable to a young aspirant. He had just been asking her if she had noticed the scenery about Chadburn Court, and expressing his opinion that it was rich in material for landscape sketches, was endeavouring to prove it by describing several views which he thought likely to reward attention, adding, with a peculiar modulation of his voice, "That is presuming you could be induced so far to honour Chadburn, Miss Grant. There is the vale at East End, which would alone repay a visit, and would make a magnificent picture. Then there is the castle—old Chadburn Castle—how I wish that I had eloquence enough to prevail upon you to sketch it! I am sure you would not—"

Here he was interrupted. A thin, keen voice, which he was not slow to recognise, cut sharply across his words.

"Bless me, Mr. Chadburn; this is unexpected! I thought you were in France."

At the same moment the figure of the old man, whose silent approach neither of the two had noticed, threw its dividing shadow between him and Bessie, followed by the young doctor, Gerald Darley, whose presence made a bitter addition to Cyril's chagrin and disappointment, and he muttered to himself, "Confound the fellow. I was right; he is after Miss Grant. I am glad I have seen her first; but there is no occasion for fear. That rose would not have occupied such a prominent place if she had been indifferent to me."

So he could afford to be gracious to both the uncle and nephew.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ON THE TRACK.

"WHEN are we due, Nield?"

"Four-forty, according to Bradshaw."

"Shall we do it?"

"Yes; don't see what is to hinder us. We did the run to Rugby in splendid time, considering the delay at Bletchley."

This colloquy was exchanged between two gentlemanly-dressed men, both thin, sallow-complexioned, and middle-aged. They were passengers from London, and the only occupants of their compartment, with the exception of a very deaf old gentleman, whose personality could scarcely be said to count, as he made a coverlet of his pocket-handkerchief on the train leaving Euston, and resigned himself to perfect oblivion of external objects in a doze that was apparently intended to last to the end of his journey. The two men were evidently friends, bound to the same destination, and travelling on the same errand, whether of business or pleasure. They had also a common interest in the refreshments which had been liberally circulated between them.

"Take another sandwich and a pull at the flask, Marshall."

With this invitation, the man who had been addressed as Nield pushed towards his companion a leather bag containing the said viands, to which he had just been paying his own respects.

"Thanks, Nield; I've had enough to satisfy me for the next couple of hours. But with regard to this affair, do you think we shall have any success?"

"No doubt of it."

"Then you make sure we are on the right track this time?"

"Yes; we have the scent clear enough, even if he doubles like a hare, or shows as many tricks as a fox; no fear we shall run him to cover one of these fine days when he least expects it. This is how the case stands."

"Mind what you say, Nield; you know we are not alone." And the man Marshall pointed his caution by an expressive nod of his head in the direction of the sleeper, who was emitting audible sounds of nasal oratory.

The more confident Nield replied, "Pooh! Marshall; we are safe as far as the old gentleman is concerned—he's harmless as a dummy. Well, as I was saying, a person answering our description was seen to take a railway-ticket at Euston on a certain date; name of place booked to down in our note-book. Said individual travels down in the same train with a suspicious-looking party in a sailor's dress, who has given a good deal of trouble at Bow Street. You know who I mean."

"Ah! now I know where you've got your information. Sam Dawson was dressed in sailor's clothes when he was captured."

"Just so."

"Then I suppose you got the clue from Gibbs?"

"You are right; I did. But it was Dawson who really put it into our hands, quite unconsciously on his part. They got down at the same station."

"Ha! that was rather curious. Did Dawson know our man beforehand?"

"No."

"Then doesn't it strike you as being odd for him

to single our man out from the rest of the passengers? Are you sure he is not hoaxing us?"

"I am."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it, Nield; but there is not much dependence to be placed on Dawson. Let us hear how it happened."

Nield smiled, and gave his companion a look that implied all the consciousness of superior knowledge, as he said, "The truth was, Marshall, Sam Dawson had, as usual, some unpleasant matters that made it inconvenient for him to stay in London. Accordingly, he seems to have disguised himself as a sailor, and took a ticket for Chesterdale. He took it into his head that our man was a detective—"

At this point of the explanation a slight movement of the old gentleman caused the speaker to pause; while Mr. Marshall, who, having his back to the sleeping man, had not noticed the movement, exclaimed, "Mistook him for a detective! When he told that he confessed his guilt. But, there; excuse me interrupting you, Nield. Go on; I am impatient to hear the end."

Nield pointed towards the sleeper, saying, "I thought he was awake. But it's all right; for I believe he said something about being very deaf."

"Yes; he did. I had to shout to make him hear me; but go on."

"Well, it appears that when Dawson got down at Chesterdale, the supposed detective got down too, and D. bolted into a vacant waiting-room; and after lying close, as he called it, for a considerable time, thought to make his escape, when another train had arrived, and was disgorging itself. Unfortunately for Dawson, Gibbs had come by that train, and saw him come out of the waiting-room, and pounced upon him in an instant. It was a neat stroke of business for Gibbs; he's about as clever a hand as any in the force."

"So he is, Nield. But about our own man; what made you think of applying to Gibbs?"

"This is how it was: Dawson, in his surprise, pointed to the man he had taken for a detective, and asked, 'Is that fellow after me as well?' Of course Gibbs was surprised, and took note of the fellow, and saw him addressed by a white-headed old gentleman. Well, I met Gibbs the other day, and was telling him that we had lost all trace of our man, and fortunately I chanced to show him the description we have of him. Gibbs at once declared it was the man he had seen at the Chesterdale station, and told me all about Dawson's mistake. Yesterday I got permission to see him, and he corroborated Gibbs's statement as to the man answering to our description."

"Is that all?" queried Marshall, dubiously. "They are rather loose links to fit into a chain; but I suppose we must make the best of them."

"Just so. But from Dawson's description, I feel confident we are on the right track, Marshall."

"Well, I hope so for our own sakes. I am getting well-nigh tired of the chase. What do you propose doing when we get to Chesterdale?"

"The first thing will be to rub up the memory of some of the railway-porters. The real work begins on our arrival there. If we let him baffle us again it will tell against us, for our professional credit is at stake."

"That is what I fear, Nield."

At that moment they glided into the Chesterdale station, and the two men prepared to leave the train.

Nield shook the old gentleman, shouting the name of the station into his ear, and was rewarded by a grumbling, "Wish you had not disturbed my nap, I'm going further," and with that answer he settled himself to the enjoyment of another.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE EXPECTED LETTER.

SIR RICHARD CHADBURN had been startled by the unexpected sight of his son on board the outward-bound vessel, though he tried to find comfort in Cyril's assurance that Harold would leave the ship with the pilot. Lady Chadburn expressed no opinion on the subject; but she had her own thoughts, which made her uneasy and anxious. She could not forget the note which Harold had written to his sister before his strange departure from home. Its tone had troubled her from the first, but now every word seemed invested with new significance, and she found herself recalling them with misgivings about the truth, made doubly painful by the fact that they were mingled with reproaches on her own account; for, reason as she would, she could not hold herself blameless on the score of unfair partiality in her treatment of the brothers. The day after Cyril's return to Chadburn was passed by her ladyship in watching with feverish impatience the arrival of the mail, in the hope that a letter, or at least some news of Harold would come. Her heart sank as the day closed, and it was known that the English post had come in without bringing any letters to relieve their suspense. She feared the effect of the disappointment on Sir Richard; but he was still feeding upon the hope, and clinging almost desperately to his conviction, that Harold would not think of leaving England without first seeking a parting interview.

When his wife suggested that it was possible Harold had been foolish enough to allow himself to be persuaded to do so, he replied, confidently, "I know the lad better than that, Maria, he would not go away for good without a word or a good-bye to any of us, it would not be like him, for the lad has some good traits with all his faults; you know I always would maintain that, my dear. I think Cyril was right, he would not think of going with that ship to the end of her voyage; it would be like putting the grave between us, for he does not know

that I shall ever be well again, and there is the memory of angry words lying between us. No, Harold would not leave it so, I am sure he would not."

The baronet's voice quivered as he gave the iteration. He had worked himself into a painful state of excitement. Lady Chadburn knew by the manner in which he ruffled the grey hair from his temples, and the look that flashed into his eyes, how agitated he was; knew also what a terrible shock it would be to him if Harold had really gone.

She made an effort to speak, but he interrupted her, saying hurriedly, "Don't try to persuade me differently about him, Maria. I know you never seemed to have any faith in Harold. I have made up my mind not to listen to anything more against him. I have been hard upon him lately—too hard, I am afraid—I often say that to myself."

When the little group met at breakfast next morning, their looks had the same strain of anxious expectation. There was no mention of Harold, that subject seemed to be avoided by mutual consent, yet it was the one that engrossed their thoughts, as they went through the fiction of breakfasting.

Lucy Chadburn looked very miserable. She felt sure Harold had gone, and blamed herself for not having gone direct to her father with Harold's note and told him all. How bitterly she regretted having allowed Cyril to persuade her to keep it back. The idea haunted her, that if she had shown it to her father, it would have saved Harold,—that it would have been the means of bringing him home again. Now it was too late.

Sir Richard was querulous and fretful. He had passed a sleepless night, and it had helped to make him look ill and worn. At last the letters came—a fruitful epistolary crop—including some long, crossed letters for Lucy, chiefly emanating from her friends the Ainsworths—a large family of good-natured, fun-loving girls, who were very fond of pretty Miss Chadburn. There were also several letters for Sir Richard, Dr. Ward being among the correspondents. The state of the baronet's health was a source of considerable anxiety to the physician, whose letter was full of valuable advice and medical directions for the benefit of the patient during his stay at Boulogne. But it shared the fate of the rest, being opened hastily, glanced over, then thrust aside with an expression of weariness and disappointment.

"No more letters from Chadburn?" he said fretfully. "I expected Cyril would have written."

In reply, Lady Chadburn ventured her opinion "that Cyril was not to blame, as it was probable the letter might not arrive until the next post."

"Ah, yes! to be sure. I did not think of that, my dear. I seem to have grown very nervous lately; the least thing upsets me. I am afraid we shall find it a dull place. For my part, I should not care if we were going back to-morrow."

Lady Chadburn looked uneasily at her husband as she said, "The change has already done you good; so you ought not to complain. Come, we will take you down to the shore."

At that moment there was an exclamation from Lucy, who was stooping to pick up something from the carpet. "Papa, you have dropped a letter. Here it is, lying under the table; and—yes—I thought so—it is one that has not been opened."

Both the wife and daughter looked uneasily at Sir Richard; something seemed to tell them that it was the one so anxiously watched for.

The baronet's eyes glistened as he took it from his daughter, his trembling fingers playing nervously

with the envelope, as if he feared to break the seal. The handwriting of Cyril and Harold were strikingly alike, and Lucy, who had glanced at the address as she handed it to her father, said, "It looks very like Cyril's writing, papa." Yet she did not think it was Cyril's. At last he found courage to break the seal and open the letter. How terrible was the suspense to those two as they watched him reading it! Suddenly a low cry—almost a groan—broke from the baronet's lips. "My boy! my poor, poor boy! I have seen the last of him!" and he sank back in the chair, his hands tightly clasped together, and his face deathly white.

(To be continued.)

KINGS AND PRIESTS.

BY THE REV. J. B. OWEN, M.A., VICAR OF ST. JUDE'S, CHELSEA.

BOTH kings and priests, in the realm of politics, are on their trial at this historical crisis. Both are unduly flattered by some, both equally abused by others. Few, whether the kings and priests themselves, or their followers, sufficiently realise their true relations to Divine ordinance or human claim. Both, to an extent dangerous to their order, ignore the fact that the king is a power ordained of God, to rule and apply the law for the punishment of evil-doers, and for the praise of them that do well; and that the priest is ordained *for men* (not for himself) "in things pertaining to God." But secular kings are not the only dynasty, nor priests the only hierarchy whose neglect and misuse of their functions have brought both into disrepute. The Church, as a collective ordinance, is what Moses called her, "a nation of priests;" but she has proved a poor king-priest to the world. Christians, whose is the twofold unction, royal and sacerdotal, have conveyed to other men a faulty, unattractive impression of Christ's royal priesthood, as his disciples ordained to "show forth the praises of Him who called them out of darkness into marvellous light." Hence not only kings and priests by earthly office alone are on their trial, but the multitude of spiritual kings and priests whose duties to each other and to mankind are symbolised by the majestic title. If our Gospel be hid, if Christianity fail, the sole cause will be the ineffective piety and humanity of Christians. Let us seriously think of this position. It is easy enough, and stupid and wicked enough, to join in the cry against ordinary kings and ministers of God; but to borrow a greatly misapplied phrase of politics, and use it as a truth of Christians, what have "the sovereign people" done to strengthen the arms of their spiritual princes? And what are

the lives of nominal Christians doing to hold up the hands of their covenant priests? With what measure of appreciative fidelity to their own calling are Christians in their personal activity illustrating to all about them their living ordinance as "a royal priesthood and a holy nation?" The two phrases combine the united action of the ideas of a court, the Church, and the country. Christianity will be a straitened Gospel, until, in their zealous co-operations of mutual love, and loyalty to their several claims between each other, prince, priest, and people are practically convertible terms. The man that flatters a king has only one man baser than he, and that is the hypocrite that flatters a people. Neither of them mean what they say. Whether kings or mobs, both want more truth and less cajolery. When Herod's harangue was hailed by the impious shout, "It is the voice of a god!" worms crept out of the popular idol and consumed him. Worms equally fatal to flattered idols perform their creeping ministry still. The people cried Herod was a god, and not a man; the bluff worms declared him neither god nor man. A holier king denied himself even his own: "I am a worm," said he, "and no man." But John the Divine gives glory to Jesus on this very point, for making much of his people—"that he loved us, washed us from our sins in his blood, and made us kings and priests unto God." Their redemption and ordination is illustrated by a river. There are three aspects in which a river may be presented—its source, its outward flow, and the wealth grown on the banks fertilised by its waters. All three accounts must be combined to give a complete view of the river. But how can finite man give, or get, a complete view of "the river that makes glad the city of our God?" It has its source in eternal love. In its flow it washes us from our sins, and one of its glorious products is

a royal priesthood, "making us kings and priests unto God." Its source lies in the clause "who loved us," with a love unsolicited, unmerited, immeasurable, and unrequited. We cannot comprehend the height of God's love, for we know not the full glory which the Son of God laid down; nor its depth, for we but faintly appreciate the enormity of sin; nor its length, for we cannot take in eternity; nor its breadth, for the multitude of the redeemed no man can number. It is a love of pity, for we were miserable and lost; a love for enemies, for we defied the Almighty; a love that kept back no part of the price," for "he gave himself for us."

It is not a love that was surprised into exercise in a moment of chivalrous pity, or uncalculating generosity. He knew the depth to which he must descend, the bitter worthlessness of the sinners he would save; their ingratitude and folly even when saved; and yet, with a full clear view of all these conditions from the beginning, Jesus, with a love that passeth knowledge, came to save them that were lost. If we trace this river from its source, along its blessed bourne we find it washing away our sins. *We had* sin; it defiled us, we needed to be washed. It was no casual misfortune, nor was it a light thing; its wages is death. The sin was *in* us, in our nature—in the soul, our immortal nature. Had it only infected the body, bad as it is, it would not be so infinitely worse as it is in the soul as well as body. Sin was mortal to both the material and spiritual in man. There was no venial, no exceptional sin. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." There was no discharge in that war. No fabled shirt of Nessus, treacherously given to Hercules, can adequately represent the evil, misery, madness, and curse of sin. To us it was irremediable: "no man can redeem his brother." It is fairly to be presumed that nothing less than the blood of the Mediator could wash us from it, since He who wastes no power gave the death of his Son for us. God is a creditor who never exacts more than is due from debtor or surety. Divine justice is no extortioner. When it required death—the death of the substitute—its demand was irresistible. The Son of the Highest takes a mortal nature, and gives a human life, ennobled by its mysterious union with the Divine, that we might be "washed from our sins."

This washing is effectual—blots out the guilt fully, and leaves us justified. Henceforth when we confess sin to Him, we cry as erring children to our Father, rather than as culprits to a Judge. This, in the language of experimental religion, is called "going again to the cross." A human spirit makes an effective resistance against sin, and against Satan its personal head, when by faith the man sees sin put away, and Satan vanquished in

the cross of Christ. The prophet predicts a time when "a nation shall be born in a day." A great national birth, such as some we have witnessed of late years in Italy and Germany, is an august spectacle. But infinitely grander would it be to realise the Old Testament image of the new birth of "a nation of priests," "a royal priesthood." This is the new creation of the Prince of the kings of the earth, who hath made us kings and priests unto God. Kings and priests hold the highest offices in Revelation, as well as in the world. No higher image could be conceived of honour, sacredness, and majesty. Kings and priests were solemnly anointed to their consecrated functions, so are believers. "Ye have an unction from the Holy One." Born of the purple blood of redemption, the blood-wash precedes your consecration to the royal priesthood. Nor is this an empty theological compliment. The Spirit of Inspiration uses no unmeaning phraseology. A king is a man of power, the man who *can*, the Agamemnon, leader of men, who can go in and out before them, and marshal the way to victory over their enemies. That was the old Hebrew ideal of a king, when Saul, the tallest man of all the tribes, awoke the national enthusiasm for the office. It should be still the ideal, but it is only the Christian realises it. He wages war, after the prince-priestly order of Melchizedek, with the power of a new and endless life imparted to him from above, against all God's enemies and his own. They are on his territory—in his soul. He fights for their overthrow and expulsion. He makes no truce with them, except when, like Joshua with the Gibeonites, their guile entraps him into treaty with them. This holy war—not a crusade for an empty tomb where a Redeemer had been buried, but for the house and lineage of the living God—is a war of sacrifice to the knife, a war of self-denial, of extermination: the sword of the prince—the knife of the priest, is never laid down. When lusts and sins, one after another, are smitten down, and the nail of the sure place is driven home through the head of each carnal and ungodly Sisera, the war-cry of his spirit, thinking less of his own than of his Saviour's honour, is, "So let all thine enemies perish, O Lord!" His heart breathes a filial echo of the Father's proclamation, when to the Son he saith, "Rule thou in the midst of thine enemies!" "Such honour have all his saints," and theirs is the same command, carrying the pledge of victory in its bosom, to "go forth conquering and to conquer."

Similarly distinguished is the Christian's *priestly* office. When Aaron was ordained, his ceremonies of consecration were washing with water, offering of sacrifice, putting on of symbolic apparel, and filling his hands, in emblem of sacerdotal activity. All these have their counterparts with the saints


of Christ. Theirs, too, is the washing of blood, the shedding of which is the sacrifice, and theirs is the putting on of Christ's righteousness. We cannot be of the Lord's portion—his clergy—without these conditions; but these conditions guarantee that we shall be his. "For whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified." Let us rightly and duly minister in these heavenly things. Let us keep our vows—fulfill our calling—and offer our

daily sacrifices. What can a dead world do, if the Church be lifeless? If the priest turn recreant and set up the golden calf, what can issue but apostasy and condemnation? Let us, alike in our labours and relaxations, in our givings and receivings, in our homes and abroad, be holy. And to us shall be guaranteed the promise which binds together both Testaments and both worlds. "Ye shall be named the priests of the Lord; men shall call you the ministers of our God."

INDIAN NOTES AND ANECDOTES.

BY THE REV. S. MATEER, F.L.S.

NATIVE COINS.

HE first thing that shocked me on landing at Quilon, was the heavy manual labour I saw performed by the native women. Four or five of them, mostly under the medium size, and half nude, were employed by the servant who accompanied us from Bombay, to unload the luggage from our boat, and they carried great boxes which I should not myself have cared to lift. When all were safely deposited on the landing-place, I inquired how much was to be paid. The native coins of Travancore, called *chuckrams*, with which I had been supplied, were of silver, about the size of half a pea, and worth about a penny each, and one of the women coming forward, held out *both* hands together open to receive the hire for all. Imagining at the time that this was a quiet intimation that she expected a good handful of the tiny silver coins, and remembering the English rates of hire, I felt quite ashamed to offer the four or five chuckrams which I was told was the proper amount. The women seemed, however, quite satisfied with what was given, and I afterwards learned that the holding out of both hands to receive anything from a superior, was imperatively required by the rules of native politeness.

PALANKEEN TRAVELLING.

My wife and I started at night in two palankeens to travel from Trevandrum to Pareychaley, a distance of twenty-one miles. This was our first experience of this mode of locomotion and what puzzled us quite was the noise made by the bearers, of whom there were two dozen, besides one man to carry the torch. The men grunted and sighed and moaned and groaned the whole night long, and we wondered why they took all this trouble and wasted their breath in this way while carrying their heavy burdens. I thought that it might be intended to show us how laborious and distressing the work was, and to excite our

feelings of commiseration so as to secure an additional gratuity in the morning. My wife, I found, on our comparing notes, had been so affected by the sufferings and cries of the poor men, that she had actually tried to lean as lightly as possible upon their shoulders in the palankeen! However, we arrived safe and well at our destination in the early morning. I soon discovered the rationale of the singing of the palankeen-bearers, and after being accustomed to it for some time thought it a dull day when the men did not shout right heartily. The singing is intended partly to enable them to keep step together, and for mutual encouragement, as the Hindoos like to make a great shouting when at work together; but no doubt it is also useful to frighten off wild beasts which may be lurking by the wayside, and serpents in jungle travelling. I have sometimes seen a large snake rush out of the grass on one side of the road, and get in amongst the feet of the bearers. Down came the palankeen, but the poor frightened snake was instantly off into the bush on the other side. For the purpose of frightening off these dangerous reptiles, natives often carry a light iron staff with numerous loose rings along its length, which keep up a constant rattling and jingling as they walk.

A story is told in India—for the literal truth of which, however—I will not vouch, of a very simple "griffin," or European new-comer, who was timid of entrusting his valuable person to the care of the natives. Before undertaking his first palankeen journey, he anxiously inquired whether he should be quite safe in the hands of the natives. "Is there no danger," he asked, "to be apprehended from the bearers?" "No," said his waggish host, "you may trust them fully—unless, indeed, they begin to shout together; should they do so, it is a sign that mischief is intended, and you must escape for your life." The bearers refrained from their usual cry until they had got

well started on their journey, but immediately they began, the credulous traveller jumped out of the palakeen, and fled back for protection to the house which he had just left.

VERNACULAR IDIOMS.

As soon as I had made some progress in the grammar of the language, I made a point of engaging as frequently as possible in conversation with the natives, so as to put my new acquirements into practice, and to show a friendly feeling towards the people. In doing so, however, I made at first odd mistakes from want of acquaintance with vernacular idioms and native usages. One day, addressing a man of very low caste, I asked, "What—is—your—name?" "Mallan," he replied. "Where—do—you—live?" and he told me. I had been warned already not to make any inquiries about a man's wife, so I next asked, in a friendly tone, "How—many—children—have—you?" and at once he burst out laughing at me. At first I felt this very keenly. "I have come," thought I, "to this country with the most kindly sympathies towards the people—in fact, solely to seek to do them good; I have spoken to this man as courteously as I could, and put to him a kindly question on a subject on which I have understood the Hindoos like to converse, and he bursts out laughing in my very face."

I found out afterwards that it was the language I had used, which seemed to the man so extraordinary and ludicrous. I had adopted the terms which are given in the dictionary, and such as I would use in my own language and country. But instead of asking a person of his caste how many *children* he had, I should have inquired, "How many *calves* (or *monkeys*) have you?" and then he would have answered, putting his hand over the mouth, as they always do, to prevent the breath from polluting the individual addressed, "*Sahib, inikka nalu kurangugal unda*"—sir, to me there are four monkeys (or three monkeys, or whatever number of monkeys he might happen to be the father of). So servile and degrading is the language which the poor slaves and low-caste people in Travancore are required by the cruel laws of Hindoo caste to employ in the presence of superiors.

VISIT TO THE RAJAH OF TRAVANCORE.

On Thursday evening, 9th of February, 1860, I paid an interesting visit, in company with several missionary friends, to His Highness Martanda Vurmah, the late Rajah of Travancore, at his palace inside the Fort of Trevandrum. Passing through the guards at the fort gates, and through the Brahman streets inside the fort, we handed in our cards at the palace, and were at once ushered into the drawing-room and accommodated with seats. Here a number of sleek-looking attendants stood about, dressed in accordance with native ideas of

comfort and simplicity, in a single cotton cloth fastened round the waist, leaving the upper part of their body uncovered. The entrance was guarded by a couple of soldiers of the body-guard, with swords drawn, and wearing a very respectable uniform, but, of course, without either shoes or stockings. The apartment was abundantly supplied with handsome European furniture, and crowded—in fact, over-decorated—with large mirrors, curious clocks, carvings, paintings, and other curiosities or works of art. In a few minutes His Highness appeared, and each of us was introduced by our senior missionary, and most courteously received.

The Rajah was then about forty-six years of age, rather below the middle size, of stout build, and closely shaven, with the exception of the *ku-dumi*, or tuft of hair, which was hidden under the cap. He was by no means dark in complexion, but of a light brown or coffee colour; the features rather irregular, but the expression kindly and good natured. He wore a short coat of some green pattern, red trousers, and blue velvet cap trimmed with gold lace. The Rajah had, in accordance with native etiquette, laid aside his shoes, and received us with uncovered feet, while we of course had removed our hats as our European mark of respect.

The conversation was at first somewhat formal and ceremonious, the Rajah seeming hardly at ease, and as if he were expecting the introduction of some troublesome matter of official business. However, after some conversation on our respective locations, and on the vernacular languages, one of us mentioned that we happened to be all together in Trevandrum, and had taken the opportunity of coming to pay our respects to His Highness. The conversation now became more free and familiar, and on mention being made of a fine oil-painting which had lately been finished for the Rajah, he invited us to inspect it.

We followed the Rajah up a winding staircase to the flat roof of the drawing-room, which formed an open space in front of an upper suite of apartments. From this we had an extensive view on every side, including the lofty tower or pagoda of the great temple, the buildings and walls of the fort, and the purple mountains of the western ghauts in the distant background. Here, also, we found a multitude of nicknacks and ornaments, besides numerous paintings of the Rajah executed at different periods and by various European artists. The latest was a fine group representing the Rajah and his favourite attendants, including also the Dewán, or prime minister: the work seemed both accurate and beautiful. We noticed, also, portraits of the Rajah's nephews and other members of the royal family. His eldest son here joined us, and we were somewhat surprised to observe that he also wore but the single piece of calico



"Thoughtful Ellen plays slow and steady"—p. 154.

cloth round the waist. Strange to say, he and his brother are not reckoned in the succession to the throne. Amongst this tribe nephews are regarded as the nearest heirs, and sons are of little account. The Rajah provides for his sons during his lifetime, presenting them with private estates sufficient for their support, and they and their descendants are known as *tambies* (literally younger brothers), but otherwise they descend to private life, while the sisters' sons—the heirs in the female line—continue the succession.

"Every man," exclaimed our royal host, "has his vice; mine is betel-chewing, so please excuse my indulging in it now." The betel leaf and nut were handed to him by one attendant, another carried about a silver spittoon, a third a towel, and another a golden vessel containing water for rinsing the mouth. It certainly appeared a most absurd and unpleasant habit, but I suppose hardly worse than chewing and smoking tobacco, so common amongst our own countrymen.

The Rajah next proposed to show us the wild beasts, kept in the palace-yard, and it being nearly dark, lamps and torches were ordered. Passing through the gardens, we saw several very fine specimens of the traveller's tree, introduced from


Madagascar, the breadfruit tree from the South Sea Islands, and several rare and interesting plants. The tigers, leopards, hyenas, and other animals were confined in strong wooden cages, and some of them were exceedingly fierce, having been but recently caught in the mountains. One of the chetahs, or leopards, was of the rare black variety. In other cages or enclosures were kept ostriches, peacocks, rare fowls, monkeys, immense boas, or rocksnakes, deer, porcupines, otters, &c. The ostriches were let out of their pen, and furnished some amusement by their odd appearance and antic movements.

We then had a look at the state carriage, a very handsome structure, richly gilt and adorned, and of immense size, being fourteen or fifteen feet in height from the ground, and of proportionate breadth. A splendid throne stands in the centre of the carriage, and around it there is room for a number of attendants. The national arms—a conch shell—is carved in enlarged proportions on the top of the coach, and bows and arrows, emblems of regal authority, at the front. This carriage is drawn by several elephants, and is used for birthday and other special state processions.

(To be continued).

L A T E A U T U M N .

I.

 ONE from the fields is the golden corn,
The orchards are stript of their scarlet fruit,

Berries grow red on the blossomless thorn,

And the plaintive voice of the cuckoo is mute:

The glory of Autumn is passing away
In the light of the last September day.

II.

Under the shadow of pleasant beeches

I watch the sun in his westward flight,
While patches of sunshine in golden reaches

Streak the greensward with mellow light:

And there I sit while the children play,
In the light of this last September day.

III.

See where the ground is smooth and even

As the noiseless floor of a carpeted room,

And the herbage is close and trimly shaven,

And cleaned and swept with the rake and broom:

'Tis the croquet-ground where the children play
In the light of the last September day.

IV.

I hear the stroke of the mallet sounding,

As it strikes the ball and sends it along;

I see the forms of my little ones bounding,

Tripping after with shout and song:

Like greenwood fairies sporting away

In the light of the last September day.

V.

Thoughtful Ellen plays slow and steady,

Brings down the mallet and slightly stoops;

Merry Lizzie is ever too ready

For rushing roquet and running the hoops.

Ah! I think of life's game they have yet to play,

In the light of this last September day.

VI.

Play on, my dear ones, 'tis all too early

To trouble your hearts with sorrow and strife;

Play out your game discreetly and fairly,

Be it the game of croquet or life:

For the time will come when there's no mere play

In the light of a last September day.

VII.

Mind your game, when you get your inning;

To help your partner ever be near;

Let your aim be straight; and, losing or winning,

Play always your best, and then have no fear.

So guide my dear ones, O God! I pray,

In the light of this last September day.

JOHN FRANCIS WALLER.

ABOUT NELLIE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBLES OF CHATTY AND MOLLY."

CHAPTER I.



HE was my sister, the only one I ever had, almost the only being I ever loved. She was mine, my own, more than ever sister was to sister before—mine to love and care for, and tend, dependent on me for love and sympathy and comfort through life. She was eighteen years younger than I, and perhaps that is the reason why she always seemed more like a child than a sister; she hardly knew our mother, for she died when Nellie was only a year old.

Our father had some Government appointment, but the pay was small; we were always poor, for he was extravagant, and quarrelled with all his relations; and they never attempted to make matters better, for poverty does not bring eager friends, and he was too proud to make any advances to them, so we lived very quietly and saw no one. I was their only child then, but I do not think they cared for me very much. My father was disappointed at my not being a boy, and my mother's pride was hurt at my not being pretty, for I was plain, and half in fun and half in earnest they used to call me their "ugly little girl," till I could never forget my own lack of beauty.

Well, London was expensive, and so we removed to Southgate (I was only six years old then); and there, where my mother was away from every one that we knew, she gave lessons and I learnt to draw.

That was my passion. I was not pretty or attractive; no one ever loved me in my whole life, after my parents died, save Nellie; but I could draw, and my art was all the world to me. I used to wander about alone, dreaming and building wild castles of future wealth and fame, for I should succeed some day, I thought. I should conquer everything, and be rich, clever, and famous. So I lived, dreaming among my books and pictures and poetry, with Nature for my instructor. They used to let me do as I pleased, and wonder what I could see in the country-nooks and tall trees, not once thinking how much we knew of each other. They did not know how much Nature taught me in those old days, nor how sweet a story-book it was to me. And the trees at Southgate were my playmates and confidants, my best and wisest friends; beneath them all my castles were built; under them all my dreams were woven. How they would wave above me, playing "celestial symphonies" on the summer wind, murmuring their gladness in my happiness, and shake little shining patches of sunlight down on me through the dark thick foliage and waving rustling branches, flickering and coquetting like golden ripples on a stream! And how they have whispered and sighed into my dreams, and lulled and soothed me, drooping their long branches caressingly over me! I told them all my

secrets and sorrows, and when I was unhappy, and the summer rain came down on the greedy earth, and the drops slowly stole through the leaves and fell upon me, I have fancied they cried in my trouble. Ah, trees! dear, kind, wise old friends, you never laughed at me, nor played me false; you were always the same. It is winter now, and your leaves are withered and your branches bare, and you look old and desolate, as I, too, am old and desolate; and yet, even now, you seem to stretch your brown old arms to greet me, and sigh out in the cruel wind and beating rain your weariness, asking for my sympathy.

When I was eighteen years old Nellie was born, and a month later our father died. We were very poor then, and returned to London, where we were forgotten, or none cared to recognise us; and there our mother worked—our poor patient mother. She worked for us, and taught the whole day long; and I helped a little and gave drawing-lessons, and worked at my art in the evening, and dreamt of the future.

The days grew calm and happy. My mother was careful and put by a little money, and there was a little saved from the sale of our things at Southgate; and her baby comforted her for everything. We christened her Helen, for she was so fair and pretty. I chose the name, and visionary that I was, I wove my fairy network round her even then, and fancied she would grow into another heroine like her classic namesake. But she did not, and we always called her Nellie, which suited her much better than the grander name.

So a year went by, and our mother died, and after that great sorrow had passed Nellie was mine alone, and only. I fear I was a little jealous of her sometimes while our mother lived, and I saw her looking down with such tenderness on her little one; but when she died and left Nellie to me, I think she left me all her love for her too. She was so entirely mine in those days, without power of mortal to take her from me. My face was the first she ever learnt to recognise; my name the first her baby lips learnt to utter. It was I who taught her to walk. How I exulted when I saw her totter across the room, clinging to the chairs on her way! how I laughed, and clapped my hands with glee! I denied her nothing our slender means could afford, and the money which was saved helped us a good deal. I did not trouble to keep it, for in the future should I not be rich and famous!

I obtained nearly all the pupils my mother had had, and when she was old enough Nellie was educated, in return for lessons I gave in a school.

It was only a day-school, for I could not have parted from her altogether. I used to take her my-

self every morning, while the little hand clutched in sweet confidence at my dress, and the little face looked up often into mine. When I had finished giving my lessons, I took her home again to the two small rooms we lived in, and she sat up in her high chair opposite to me at tea, and then I played with her till she was tired; and when she had lisped her prayers at my knee, I sang her to sleep, while her golden head rested like a halo on my shoulder. Can you wonder that we were happy—my Nellie and I? I did not care for the work, or the petty slights of the world; they were all forgotten when the hour came for fetching Nellie home, and my heart swelled with a rush of joy that was almost pain when she put up her little hands and laughed with delight at seeing me. In such moments I have held her, and covering her face with wild, passionate kisses, strained her to my heart until, half frightened, she struggled to get away; and I have almost prayed that it might be possible for her always to be so—never to grow up, never to know other love than mine. Was I selfish? I could not help it. Then the days came in which I occasionally sold outlines and pencil-drawings and little oil-paintings, and went home triumphantly, buying my darling some new toy by way of rejoicing; for was it not the first step to Fame, in whose house all my dreams of the future dwelt?

Time went on, and Nellie left school for good. She was an artist heart and soul, and loved and dreamt over her art as I did; only she was more clever and brighter and better than I. She would laugh with glee over the time when, as she said, we should be "tremendous rivals;" but that was only in fun, for I think I should have painted out any picture of mine, if the day had ever come in which it could have paled her glory.

I used to leave her at home while I went out teaching, and she would draw while I was gone. and, in spite of all I could say, go out and sell her work herself. I would not let her teach; she was too pretty I thought, but she would sell her own pictures, and she concealed all the rebuffs she met with, and told me only of her successes.

I think I loved her then even more than in the days of her childhood, for I was so proud of her. Proud of her for everything—for her talent and beauty and goodness, and for her bright merry ways. I cannot describe her to you well, for I remember her more as a whole than in detail. I know she had wonderful blue eyes—soft, gleaming, misty eyes, in which lay a world of tenderness, and out of which the pure soul looked forth. They were grave, almost sad, eyes, and always seemed to be looking down in continual reproof on her frivolous little mouth and the full red lips which laughed and rippled into smiles, scattering dimples over her face. And she had beautiful long thick brown hair, of a ruddy golden brown, which she coiled and twisted

round her head in a way peculiar to herself, and which gave her in repose, when the contradictory saucy mouth was still, a sad, almost Madonna-like, expression.

Of an evening, when I came home from teaching, I used to find the fire burning brightly, and the tea ready, and Nellie singing to herself and watching for me; and when we had chatted over the events of the day, and the lights came, we worked together. We used to sell a great many outlines, which people bought to fill in and pass off as their own drawings; and we painted little pictures and sold them at the old-picture shops, and, somehow, Nellie's were always liked better than mine. There was a shop in Hanway Street, where the proprietor, a respectable, clever old man, took a great interest in her, and placed one or two of her little paintings in his window on a speculation, and now and then some one, struck with the vivid colouring and bold outline, or the delicate minuteness of the finish, would buy one, and wondering perhaps who the artist could be, and speculating for a moment idly on her future, would take it home, hang it up in some corner, and—forget it.

"Nellie," I said to her one evening, "I fear my sight is failing."

"You poor old darling!" she exclaimed, and she left her seat and put her hands to my face, stroking it gently in a little half-patronising way she had sometimes; "you poor old darling! you must not try your eyes so much; I must work for you, as you have done so long for me."

"Fancy your working!" and I looked down on the sweet, child-like face.

"So I will," she answered stoutly; "I shall give drawing-lessons soon. I am sure I can, and I mean to do so. Oh, you need not look so astonished; I don't intend to let you wear yourself out as you have been doing, I can tell you. It will only be for a little while if I do, for some day we shall be rich, if we work hard, shall we not, dear?" and she looked up in her blind belief and simple confidence in the world and the future.

"Oh yes," I said, "we shall be rich and famous, too, in the future—you will, Nellie, and I, at any rate shall shine in your reflected glory."

"Mary," exclaimed Nellie when I returned home the very next evening, "I have had an adventure. I went down this morning to Mr. Went's (the picture-dealer's), to see if, by a happy chance, any of my pictures had sold: when I went in, there was a gentleman, young and handsome—so handsome, Mary, I shall make his face come in for Harold in my grand picture, if I ever paint it."

"Go on," I said, with something that was half fear and half jealousy rising in my heart.

"Well, he was just in the middle of the laudable action of buying my picture of 'The Mere'—that very tiny one, you know, which Mr. Went put in the

ponderous frame; and he was praising it in a way that was music to my ears. Are you not glad, you old darling?—you look so cross.”

“Go on,” I said again.

“He seemed to know Mr. Went, and he chatted away with him, and told him that his sisters wanted drawing-lessons, and that he should like them to take them from the painter of that picture. He only said it in a careless sort of way, when Mr. Went said, ‘There is the artist.’ When my Saxon hero looked up and saw me, he seemed so astonished. Mary, do you know I think he expected to see a man, or a very horrid old woman! Wasn’t it funny? Well, I gave him my address, told him about references—see how thoughtful I was—and he said he would do what he could, and his mother would write if I might call, and so, you dear old darling, I shall give lessons perhaps, and help you, and then your poor old eyes won’t ache so.”

At that moment the landlady entered with a card. —“Mr. F. Stanton.”

“My Saxon hero!” exclaimed Nellie.

I did not know what to do. We had never had a visitor before; but while I was wondering whether I could make any excuse, he entered.

He was a tall, fair, handsome man, with easy, gentlemanly manners. He offered a thousand apologies, but he had seen my sister in the morning (and

he looked at her, as she bent over her pencil), and had taken her address, but in the hurry failed to catch her name, so he could not send a note. He did not want to go so far as Mr. Went’s, so called to ask it. Cowley—oh! He had spoken to his mother, and she had so much admired the picture; therefore, if Miss Cowley would call—say, to-morrow—he was sure his sisters would be delighted to arrange about lessons.

It was all said so well, and he was so perfectly respectful and yet easy in his manners, that I could not be stiff, as I had intended; and his face, in spite of his eight-and-twenty years, looked so fresh and boyish, that altogether I was won over, and I thanked him for the trouble he had taken and stopped his apologies; but I feared my sister had been imprudent. She was so young; perhaps I could—

“Oh, no, Mary,” and she sprang up, forgetting Mr. Stanton’s presence, in her eagerness; “you must let me. You wear yourself out enough already. Indeed,” she went on, turning to him, “I am very much obliged to you, and I will come with pleasure,” and she looked up beamingly in his face; and he, gaining courage, lingered a few minutes, talking about pictures and the Academy, and then departed, shaking hands with us both, and taking a last look at Nellie’s misty blue eyes as he went out of the doorway.

(To be continued).

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF A LITTLE BIRD.

BY JOHN G. WATTS, AUTHOR OF “TALES AND SONGS,” “PICTURES OF ENGLISH LIFE,” ETC. ETC.

THE PEDLAR’S CHARGE.—PART I.



On opening our eyes the next morning, at first we could not make out where we had got to, and wondered why mother was not with us. The remembrance of the previous day’s misfortunes, however, soon returned and explained all. While yet sleeping we had evidently been brought to the pedlar’s home. On looking about us, we found our nest carefully placed in a large wire cage hanging from a hook in the wall out of harm’s way. The apartment was small, but very neatly furnished, and everything was clean and bright as the contents of our friend’s box, which rested in one corner. It seemed as if the rubbing-up habit, which we saw him practising abroad, was followed quite as persistently at home. Everything was wonderfully polished. The Windsor chairs shone like mahogany, and the oaken table like a mirror. The mantelpiece was high and the ceiling somewhat low, but sufficient space was left for chimney ornaments. Two highly-inflamed brass candlesticks rose majestically about a foot apart, like a couple of sentinels keeping watch over the centre decoration—a little card castle, in which a

man and woman resided, who respectively came out according to the condition of the weather. On fine days the lady was to be seen; on wet days the gentleman, which seemed a very fair arrangement. A china shepherd and shepherdess appeared to be keeping an eye upon a couple of tin extinguishers which stood at either end of the mantelpiece bright as burnished silver, but wonderfully like a couple of fairy fools’ caps. A toasting-fork, a kettle-holder, a flat-iron-stand, and one or two similar articles had their respective nails or hooks hereabout, so as to be ready for service at any moment—evidently a well-ordered house. For some time there was not a sound save our own voices, and then a pert-looking little dog arose from under an old-fashioned arm-chair, gave a stretch and a yawn, cocked his head knowingly on one side, and after looking at the cage for a few seconds, jumped on to the table for a better view. Having apparently satisfied himself, he bow-wowed “good morning” in the most friendly manner. I took a fancy to him on the spot. Civilities exchanged with us, down he was at a bound, and out of the room, and soon afterwards we could hear him trotting up-stairs. Then came his cheerful “bow-wow” once more, followed by a voice which we in-

stantly recognised, answering, "All right, Frisk, I'm getting up." A satisfactory "wough" from the dog, and he returned to his former quarters.

He had not long been back when a comely old dame in a very white cap and a neat cotton dress entered. After lighting the fire she put the kettle on, set the breakfast-things, and by the time all was ready in came the pedlar. We had heard him for a long while previous, at the back of the house, singing and brushing and splashing, and now he looked bright as a new pin and fresh as a rose-bud. His first act was to kiss the old dame and wish her good morrow. He then took us down, opened the cage, and gave us a good meal, for which we thanked him as best we could.

While he was waiting on us he asked, "How is Kitty, mother?"

"Well, my dear," replied the old woman, "I think she has spent a better night, but she is very very weak."

"Poor child," sighed the pedlar, "she has seen a deal of trouble. However, our duty is quite clear; she must go to London and have the advice of a physician, like John Deighton did. See how soon they put him to rights. What with her bodily suffering and her mental distress she's in a very dangerous way. She shall go next Monday—you and I will take her."

An admonitory shake of the finger from the dame stopped the conversation, and immediately, with a noiseless limp, a little blue-eyed, pale-faced child of seven or eight years entered. She was nipped in her features, and her long, delicate hand seemed painted with streaks of bright blue, so transparent were her veins. She made a feeble attempt to smile, but the expression was driven away by a pang that caused her to cry out. The master of the cottage stretched forth his strong arms and lifted her into the easy chair, setting her down as gently as if she had been a baby, whilst his mother sought a cushioned stool to place beneath the sufferer's feet.

Immediate ease seemed to follow, and the smile that had been interrupted came back—a smile that spoke such gratitude as never words, however eloquent, could have uttered. That a cheerful conversation was kept up during the breakfast was mainly owing to the efforts of Ben, who was full of odd stories and experiences, and when the meal was over, taking us from our hook, and carrying us to the invalid, he said, "Now, Kitty, while I'm away I want you to look after this nest of birds and see that they lack nothing; they'll die if neglected in the least."

"Poor things," she murmured; "how cruel it was to take them."

"It was, Kate, and the fellow who was guilty of the deed would afterwards have flung the whole lot into the road, if it had not been for me."

"Poor little darlings," sighed the child; "and they, too, are like me, without a mother to—"

"Take care of them," she would have said, but that she met the full gaze of Dame Button. She stopped short, blushed, and then resumed: "Oh yes, I will be sure to take care of them, and be just such a friend to them as your mother is to me."

"That's right," said Ben; "and by-and-by, when they're able to fly, and can help themselves, we'll let them go, won't we?"

"Yes," she replied, thoughtfully; "it would be cruel to keep them from enjoying freedom and the green hill-side. Yes, we'll let them go as soon as they can fly. I often think that I should like to be a bird, and then I would fly as high as ever my wings would let me, every day, that I might be nearer to heaven, where mother is."

Tears had overflowed her eyes, and when the pedlar stooped to kiss her pale cheek something very like tears came trickling from his own.

"Come," said he, "I must be going;" so, after a few words of consolation, he swung his case over his shoulder, and went forth to seek—to seek—yes, to seek his fortune—that fortune which is much more than mere money prosperity, the health and content which mostly wait upon earnest and well-directed industry.

After her son's departure the dame fetched some picture-books from a corner cupboard, and placed them upon a table beside the sick child, and left to attend her household duties. Frisk remained with Kate as a protector, for he was a sharp dog, who always barked at suspicious persons, and would run errands better than many a boy, for he never idled by the way. If Kate said to him, "Go and call your mistress," he'd be off at once, and never rest till he found her, and brought her into the room. He also had been taught to carry sticks and small parcels, and was as fond of spending a penny in sweetmeats as anybody upon two legs. He was well known in the village, and when he carried a penny to the general stores, and said, "Bow-wow!" that meant toffee, but if he said "Bow-wow-wow!" it meant, "I'll thank you for jumbles to this amount." No wonder that the poor little child had the greatest confidence in Frisk, and felt as secure in his company as if the pedlar had been present.

Of course my young readers are anxious to know all about the sick orphan, and how she came to be dwelling at Ben Button's. Well, they shall not be kept in suspense.

Catherine Croft, an only child, was the daughter of a small country farrier. Her mother, a gentle good-natured woman but recently dead, had before her marriage occupied the post of mistress to the village free school. A few months of wedded life convinced her that, in spite of many good qualities, her husband had one very bad habit—he was too fond of spending leisure half hours at the neighbouring inn. He used to smile at her admonitions, and fairly laugh, when she expressed fear lest he should

be drawn into excesses, and when his friend Ben the pedlar tried to persuade him to become, like himself a member of the village Mutual Improvement society, he would reply in a joking tone, that "one day's work was enough for him, and that study took people's hair off, and he had no desire to go bald just directly." A child was born, and great was the joy of both parents, though the mother's health never seemed quite so good afterwards.

As years rolled on, Mrs. Croft's fears were realised. Her husband's evil habits got a stronger and stronger hold upon him. He fell into debt, and people grew suspicious. On more than one occasion Ben came to the rescue, and by a loan prevented much mischief.

After being accommodated several times, the farrier on a certain occasion, instead of bringing back the sum borrowed, according to agreement, called upon the pedlar for a further advance. This was refused, and after using some very hard expressions towards the man who had befriended him, Master Croft went away in a great passion, and from that moment never could give Ben a good word. From bad to worse is an easy stride, and so the misguided man discovered. Late hours and extravagance did their work. Low associates came in due course. His little girl was suffering from some inward complaint, which the country doctors were not able to remedy, and his wife was much too ill to move in the matter, and yet, although he was not without a certain amount of affection for both, still he lacked the energy, necessary to his making any manly and decided effort for the benefit of either. "Oh, they'll be all right by-and-by," he used to say when any one ventured to advise him.

He had now become the boon companion of several notorious poachers, and from neglect, his business had dwindled to a mere nothing. One night, as the pedlar was returning home very late, passing some game preserves, he was startled by a man bounding from the thicket in front of him. It was the farrier.

"Halloa!" exclaimed Ben, with surprise. The other made no reply, but disappeared down a narrow lane hard by. The astonished man felt that his old friend had been up to no good, but determined, for the sake of his wife and child, not to mention what he had witnessed. He would, however, chance being insulted, and make it his business to call upon Croft on the morrow, and once more venture a word or two of counsel.

The next morning, however, before he could get to the smithy, a couple of officers entered the farrier's cottage, and dragged him off on a charge of poaching, and having, in company with two others, nearly beaten a keeper to death. On the day of trial Ben was present, not as a witness, for he had never said a word to anybody of what he had seen, and when

sentence of six months' imprisonment was passed, he went up to his old friend to speak a few words of sympathy and regret. The other with an oath told him to begone. "No one," said he, "but you saw me leave the wood, and I should not have been tracked if you had not set the officers on. But mark me, we shall meet again, and when we do I'll have my revenge."

The shock of her husband's conviction was too much for an already enfeebled body. Within a month the poor fond wife and doating mother was carried to her grave. What was now to become of Kitty? She had no relatives willing or able to give her a home, so it was resolved that she should be sent to the workhouse. When Ben heard what had been determined on, he spoke a word or two to his mother that brought her arms about his neck as she replied, "God bless you, my son. Yes, do. We'll find a corner and a crust for the poor dear thing anyhow, till her father's time shall be up; ay, and longer than that, if so be that he doesn't come and take her away."

So it was that the sick child had been brought to the cottage in which we found her.

(To be continued.)

"THE QUIVER" BIBLE CLASS.

60. In the Acts of the Apostles the Jews are four times said to have crucified Jesus. Give the passages.

61. Where do we read of lots being used in Scripture for the last time to decide any important matter?

62. Give the verse in which the three names—"Old Serpent," "Devil," "Satan"—are applied to the devil.

63. There is a particular subject mentioned in every chapter of two Epistles by the same author. Name it.

64. What people were fed, clothed, and set at liberty by their captors?

65. What remarkable thing did the Israelites take with them into the land of Canaan besides the tabernacle and its contents?

66. A people are described in the words of Scripture as "that bitter and hasty nation." Who are they?

67. Quote a verse which would lead us to suppose that our Lord was in the habit of relieving the poor.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 127.

52. John i. 41; iv. 25.

53. John iii. 13; vi. 62; xvi. 28.

54. "I will cut off the pride of the Philistines" (Zech. ix. 6).

BIBLE NOTES.

THE WEDDING GARMENT (Matt. xxii. 2-14.)

THE kingdom of heaven is like unto a certain king, which made a marriage for his son."

This parable was spoken by our blessed Lord to reprove the proud conceit of the Jews, and especially of the Pharisees, who imagined that because they were Abraham's seed they were sure of always enjoying God's favour, and of being made partakers of all the glories and happiness of the kingdom of the Messiah, for the appearance of which the people were at this time in great expectation.

By "marriage" here we must understand a marriage feast. Under this type the Bible frequently sets forth the blessings and privileges of the Gospel dispensation.

By "those who were bidden" is meant the Jews, who, chosen to be God's people, were called to a life of holiness, by a long line of prophets, from Samuel downwards; chief among whom stand forth Elijah, Elisha, and Isaiah, who spoke to that rebellious people, but they would not hear.

The "other servants" who were sent forth to announce that all things were ready, and to once more invite to the feast those who had been previously bidden, represent the apostles, who were commanded by Jesus to preach first to the Jews, and to announce to them that the sacrifice was offered; that the dearly-beloved Son of God had made himself the Lamb to take away the sins of the world; that all things were ready—the Father to receive, the Son to reconcile, and the Holy Spirit to sanctify; that the blessings of which prophets spoke under earthly imagery, were ready to be poured forth.

"But they made light of it." They thought scorn of that pleasant land, and instead of accepting the gracious invitation, they turned to the pursuits of this life—agriculture or commerce, and gave themselves so up to the acquisition of gain, that the very name of Jew became synonymous with that of an avaricious, grasping money-gainer.

But others, filled with the persecuting zeal of the unconverted Saul, thought they ought to do many things contrary to the name of Jesus, and haled his apostles and evangelists, some to prison and some to death, and so withstood every argument and persuasion to complete the engagement they had already made; that, seeing they put away from them the words of eternal life, the Gospel preachers turned away from them and went to the Gentiles. These are represented in the parable by the dwellers in the highways, some of them being "bad" and some "good;" that is, some sincere in their profession and some insincere, but all having this one good feature in common, that they accepted the invitation, and so

"The wedding was furnished with guests"—that is, the Church of Christ was established on earth. In

place of the Jews, who had once been God's chosen people—who had professed the Lord to be their God, but who when called to higher things under the Gospel covenant, had refused them, the Gentiles, who lived in the highways of the nations, had been invited and admitted, and the Church contained within its bounds both bad and good members. With this announcement ends the first part of the parable. It relates to that which is now past, the calling in of the Gentiles on the rejection of the Jews, and the setting up of Christ's Church militant here on earth. The second part of the parable is still future. It commences with the words:

"When the king came in to see the guests" This represents the day of judgment, when the King of kings shall scrutinise all, and shall cast out those that offend.

"He saw there a man which had not on a wedding garment." Here is the first mention of this or any robe being worn by the guests; but the statement shows that all were required to wear a special robe, and moreover that such a robe was provided for each guest, otherwise the king could not have reproved this one, saying, "Friend, how camest thou in hither not having a wedding garment?" All this would seem quite natural to those who listened to Jesus speaking the parable, for they well knew that it was the custom of the Easterns to provide the guests at a great feast with robes, and that for this purpose stores of them were kept. The most notable instance of this in the Bible occurs in the history of Jehu. After he had been called to the throne of Israel he desired to destroy all the worshippers of Baal, and for this purpose he invited them to a religious feast. The more effectually to mark them out to the guards who had orders to slay them, "he said unto him that was over the vestry, Bring forth vestments for all the worshippers of Baal." From this incident we see that it was usual to have, at least in connection with the temples, a large store of festive garments, and also that it was the custom of the guests to wear these.

"He was speechless." Had the garment not been provided for him, he doubtless would have pleaded in excuse that he was unable to procure one—too poor to buy such a rich robe; but no, he knew he could have had one if he would. He therefore stood before his interrogator self-condemned, and therefore dumb.

There can be no escape from the scrutiny of the Omniscient Eye: this is taught by the "one" guest who had not on the garment: even one could not escape, therefore none. Be wise in time. How much better to have our tongue singing the praises of the Lamb, than to be a self-condemned hypocrite, tongue-tied in the presence of Him who was our Saviour and is our Judge!